

R A M I L L I E S.

A

P O E M,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to His GRACE the

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

Written in Imitation of *Milton*.

B Y

Mr. P A R I S of Trinity-College, *Cambridge*.

*Nec minus conſiderabo quid aures tuæ pati poſſint,
Quàm quid virtutibus debeat.*

Plin. Pan.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonſon, within Grays-Inn Gate next
Grays-Inn Lane. 1706.

Harvard College Library
Greenough Fund
April 11, 1938

THE GREENOUGH FUND

OF THE

DUKE OF MARRLBOROUGH

WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF MILTON

THE PEARL OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

THESE BOOKS BELONG TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE GREENOUGH FUND

LONDON

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE
1938

R A M I L L I E S.

A

P O E M,

Humbly Inscrib'd to His GRACE the

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH

O F Britons Second Conquest, and the Man
That Twice has triumph'd o'er the Gallick Arms
Victorious, and has taught the haughty Breast
Of Lewis, with continu'd Victories

Proudly elate, far humbler Thoughts than those
Of Universal Conquest, and the Sway
Of all the Western World; of him who forc'd
Bavaria's perjur'd Prince to entertain
Ignobler Dreams, than those of Empire vast;
Since twice he fled before his conqu'ring Sword
Confounded and appall'd; of him who rais'd
From dark Obscurity the humble Dyle,
Sing, Muse, propitious; thou who heretofore
Led'st forth th' embattl'd Seraphim to fight;
Thee Milton with unweary'd Steps pursu'd,
Unerring Guide, throughout the Chaos dark
Of endless Night, thou taught'st him to ascend
The airy Mansions of Eternal Light,

Where he beheld Intestine Wars in Heav'n.
 Let thy Diviner Influence raise my Thoughts,
 Support my drooping Fancy; let my Verse
 Ne'er sink beneath the Merits of a Man,
 In Arms and Prudence not to be o'ercome,
 But let my Song with equal Measures move
 Harmonious, and celebrate his Worth
 In artful Lines; the Task to me will prove
 Grateful, tho' difficult, whilst thus my Muse,
 Inflam'd with just Ambition, fain would sing
 Great *ANNA*'s gentle and triumphant Reign.

Scarce had the Earth with usual Speed perform'd
 Her Planetary Course twice round the Sun
 Revolving, since the fatal Overthrow
 At *Bleinheim*, with pernicious Accent dire
 And terrible to mortal Ear, transfix'd
 The Soul of *Lewis*, and restrain'd his Heart
 Imperious, bent on Universal Rule,
 And shook his Throne; since which his haughty Breast
 Alternately, with Envy and Despair,
 Roll'd various; long he stood, within himself
 Collected, meditating dire Revenge
 Implacable: So Clouds with angry Storms
 Impregnate, darkly low'r, and long sustain
 Their watry Substance in the dusky Air.

Thus while the Tyrant's Blood with Anger boil'd
 Impetuous, Resolution sad and dark,
 With Hate obdurate on his Visage sat
 In sullen Mood, foreboding future Ills
 Unspeakable, and Battels dangerous
 To less than *Britons*; He to prosecute
 His dark Intentions, and relieve his Soul
 Lab'ring with Horror and the bitter Thoughts
 Of *Bleinheim* not reveng'd, collecting all
 His scatter'd Armies and his num'rous Force,
 Once matchless, now contemn'd, tho' in their last
 Effort terrifick, deem'd to terminate
 The War, and by one dreadful Victory
 Glut his Ambition and Revenge at once.
 He summon'd all his warlike Chiefs, who came
 Obsequious to their Master's dread Command,
 Circling his Throne with down-cast Looks and deep
 Attention,

Attention, whilst exalted high he sat
 Idol of Slaves, and with Tyrannick Air
 His vain Imaginations thus display'd.

You, who lead forth our Armies, and command
 In Chief, Warriors expert, rais'd to this height
 Of Eminence to execute our Will;
 And to extend to Nations far remote
 Our Reign, envy'd and terrible; to you
 Long Exhortations, arguing base Distrust
 And Fear ignoble, would be vain; and ill
 Becoming those who shortly shall regain
 With Arms successful and the Force of War,
 That Glory which on *Hocster's* Fatal Plains
 We lost by adverse Chance, or some ill Star
 With hated Influence and Aspect malign
 Presiding; therefore lead my Armies forth
 In military Prowess matchless, whom
 Conquest with eager Expectation waits.
 Remember that foul Overthrow and base
 Defeat at *Bleinheim*, where the Victor proud
 CHURCHILL, uplifted with the Joys of great
 Success unusual, and the fiercer grown
 By how much less he seem'd to prosper, hung
 Insulting on your broken Rear; pursu'd,
 With swift Destruction and with conqu'ring Rage,
 Your scatter'd Rout, confounded, and dismay'd.
 But let not Thoughts like these engender Fear
 And ignominious Diffidence, but raise
 Your Minds to manly Cruelty; inflam'd
 With unextinguishable Rage; repay
 Them for their Conquest; so shall you retrieve
 My former Glory and your Honour lost.

He ended frowning, and his angry Look
 Denounc'd his bloody Resolution, whilst
 Tumultuous Thoughts with Agitation rack'd
 His restless Soul; impatient 'till he saw
 His black Designs accomplish'd; and his Ire
 Sated with full Revenge. For War his Chiefs
 Prepar'd, *Marfin* and *Villeroy*, with them
 The Prince of rich *Bavaria* once, 'till Hopes
 Of Empire, better quell'd at first, seduc'd
 Him from his just Allegiance; like that Crew

Of old, rebellious Angels, whom the Thirst
 Of Greatness and Ambition once exil'd
 From Heav'nly Regions and Eternal Bliss;
 He now associates with a gilded Train
 Of Vassals, who uphold a Tyrant's Pride,
 And merit nought but slavish Grandeur due
 To such Obedience, mean Supremacy
 In Servitude. These at their Master's Will
 Bid sound the noble Instruments of War,
 Trumpet and Drum, with blended Symphony
 Instilling manly Rage and ardent Love
 Of Arms: At their collected Accent loud,
 Signal of March, while Colours in the Air
 Display'd their beauteous Hue, the Sport of Winds,
 Each Soldier to his Standard troops with haste
 Precipitant; and rebody'd all,
 Northwards they bend their March, a num'rous Host
 They mov'd, from Front to Rear, and Wing to Wing
 Of vast Circumference; and as they pass'd
 Through Places garrison'd, still fresh Supplies
 Collecting, 'till their Arms contiguous
 Whole Countries hid within the spacious Shade
 Tremendous, scarce more dreadful seem'd of old
 That *Persian* Monarch, who, as Fame relates,
 Arm'd with the *Asian* Chivalry and Strength
 Of all the East, came with revengeful Ire
 Threat'ning Destruction wide, to those that caus'd
 His Father's Troops in *Marathonian* Fields
 To fly disgraceful, nor could ought suffice
 Or calm his Rage, but Universal Chains
 Of Servitude on all the *Grecian* Chiefs;
 Drain'd by his num'rous Hosts whole Rivers fell,
 Exhausted in a Morn; the Seas were choak'd
 With slaughter'd Heaps, when all the boasted Force
 That fed his Thoughts with vain Security,
 His Grief augmented in their base Defeat.
 Nor more terrifick was that Savage Pow'r
 Of *Brennus*, whom from *Brumal Alpine Hills*
 (The Place where Winter, as in Northern Lands
 Triumphs, and in the sight of Summer reigns)
 Arm'd with Destruction, like a Torrent came
 In prone Career, wide wasting, 'till the Flames
 Of *Rome* with grateful Blaze appear'd his Ire.

Their

Their Army thus in battelous Array,
 Terror of Nations, travers'd many a Field
 And City fore oppress'd with slavish Bonds
 Of *Lewis*, e'er *Brabantian* Towns at last,
 With forc'd Affection and pretended Joy
 Receiv'd them much fatigu'd with Journey long
 And toilsome, and refresh'd their Spirits faint;
 Here they their wonted Vigour soon renew'd,
 By quaffing many a Bowl of nect'rous Juice.
 Delicious Draughts, and certain of Success,
 Pray'd not for Conquest, but an Enemy.

Long Expectation *MARLBORÔ* with his Troops
 Of fearless *Britons* (known in Foreign Wars
 Victorious) soon prevented, and arriv'd
 In Evil Hour for them; him join'd with speed
Batavia's Pow'rs, the *Danish* Forces next
 Troop in with glad Precipitance, in War
 Renowned Knights, expert to rule with Rein
 Coercive fiery foaming Steeds in Heat
 Of raging War. Our glorious Chief survey'd
 His Troops, and in their chearful Looks beheld
 His future Victory; the joyful Sight
 Inflam'd his Warlike Breast with fierce Desire
 Of Battel, and his Godlike Visage shew'd
 A pleasing Terror, whilst his Captains Chief,
 With short persuasive Accent, he bespoke.

Illustrious *Britons*, and Associates dear
 In Fight and Conquest, e'er to Morrow's Dawn
 A second *Bleinheim's* glorious Battel won
 Shall crown your Arms successful; whilst I lead
 Such Warriors to the Field, I ne'er can dread
 Superior Force, no doubtful Thoughts arise
 Of Victory, which always will attend
 Your Valour, not the Number of your Foes.

He scarce had ended, when with winged Speed
 And eager Look, that spoke his hasty Tale,
 A Messenger arriv'd with grateful News,
 (The Foe's at Hand) to Arms the Trumpet freight
 With Accent shrill resounded, and the Drums
 Confort their hoarser Noise, Confusion rose,
 But Order soon ensu'd, and on they mov'd

Indissolubly

Indissolubly firm in bright Array,
 Light arm'd and heavy, Horse and Foot in Ranks
 Perfect, with steady Resolution bent
 To meet their daring Foe, whose quick Advance
 Prevented Length of March; now Front from Front
 But narrow Space disjoin'd, an Interview
 Of Horror, streight from either Army Tubes
 With missive Ruin fraught 'gan bellow dire
 Destruction to the Part adverse, who stood
 Not long at Gaze, unmindful to repay
 Salute so rude, a dreadful Interchange
 Of Death. Here Clouds in dusky Wreaths began
 To roll sulphureous, Smoak with Hostile Smoak
 Uniting quite o'er-vail'd the Face of Heav'n,
 Doubling the horrid Darknes. So the Moon
 In Opposition central benights
 The Rays of *Phæbus* in his Morning rise,
 In his Meridian Course, or prone decline.
 Thus whilst each Host in loudest Volleys strove
 Conflicting, scarce or Dawn or Glimpse appear'd
 Of Light, save what those dreadful Engines gave
 Of livid Flames; so Light'ning, e'er a Storm
 Makes his black Entry, with preluding Flash
 And transient Blaze denotes the quick Approach
 Of Thunder, whose tempestuous Noise it flies
 Affrighted; dark Confusion thus prevail'd,
 And Death in various Shapes from Rank to Rank
 Rov'd terrible, involv'd in dismal Shade,
 Nor to one Side confin'd, but soon return'd
 With repercussive Fury back on them
 That sent it, Horse and Rider lay in Gore
 Wel'tring, some raving grasp'd their Swords and fell
 Prostrate, whose Visages stern Rage possess'd
 Immoveable, unchang'd, which Death it self
 Could not efface, here many a dolorous Groan
 Forth issu'd, drown'd in th' odious Din of War,
 Hoarse Shouts, and loud Laments, and furious Rage
 Conspiring, like a mighty Torrent sound,
 Forcing its Way resistless, uncontroll'd.

But say, propitious Muse, where shall I find
 The Warlike *British* Chief in this Up roar,
 Direct my eager Eyes solicitous
 To *England's* Safety in one Man confin'd,

One matchless Man ; behold at length
 The Godlike Heroe all besmear'd with Dust
 Gloriously dreadful, issuing forth Behests
 Sedate, unmov'd, with Succour opportune
 Th' Oppress'd relieving, the prevailing Part
 His animating Looks uphold, in all
 His Sword or Presence vig'rous Thoughts renews
 And wonted Chear, the Soldier and the Chief
 He bravely tempers, Heav'nly Gift, tho' rare.
 Swift as the Light'ning Glimpse he wings his Way
 Impetuous, nor can ought restrain his Course
 Where Danger calls ; o'er Heaps of prostrate Slain
 He rides intrepid, nor regarding Death
 That covers all the Plain in hideous Hue,
 Staring with all its Terrors. Grief and Joy
 At once surprize me, when my watchful Ken
 Views the Defender of our Liberties,
 (On whom *Britannia's* Weal or Woe depends,)
 Beset with Perils, and in dire Attacks
 Greatly prevailing ; Balls from Hostile Tubes,
 Instinct with Motion from the Nitrous Grain
 Inflam'd, with dismal Hiss play round his Head
 Innocuous, the Messengers of Fate,
 Part single, part with Chain connexive link'd
 In conjugal Destruction. Thrice his Steed
 Sunk under him, then Horror first restrain'd
 The *British* Prowess, thrice the Heroe rose
 From Danger more illustrious, then Joy
 And chearful Acclamations loud possess'd
Britannia's Sons, and fierce *Bellona* gan
 To rage with Tenfold Fury : Shock so dread
 The *Gallick* Pow'rs sustain'd riot, quite agast,
 Confounded, down their idle Weapons fell,
 (Erst their Defence, whose weight would now have caus'd
 Their Ruin ;) Horse o'er tardy Foot pursu'd
 Their Way promiscuous, while the Victor Host
 Urg'd them behind, and on their Masters turn'd
 The Instruments of Death, whose brazen Throats
 Roar'd after them, upbraiding Cowardice
 And foul Desertion, in their hasty Flight,
 Retarding many sore against their Will.
 So in *Numidia* on the *Lybian* Coast,
 Or where the *Nile* first tears his watry Head

In Mountains Lunar, and from barren Rocks
Derives his fruitful Source, when tim'rous Deer
Fly the destructive Lion's dreadful Jaws,
Roaring he stops them, with pernicious Gripe
Retaining tears them trembling, whilst he growls
With surly Satisfaction o'er his Prey.

Now with her cloudy Covert Night arose
Inducing Darkness, and the Face of things
Clad in her Liv'ry black, the scatter'd Rout,
Under her kind Protection, strove to fly
The Victor's Wrath in vain; he still pursues,
Nor Thoughts of Spoil, nor Nature's Call for due
Refreshment interrupt his eager Course
Unweary'd, Fear it self scarce swifter flew
Than Conquest, 'till of all his routed Foes
In various Flight dissever'd, none remain'd
Worthy his Sword, but Objects of his Scorn.

When thus the doubtful Battel was adjudg'd
To Courage, and Captivity or Death
Had seiz'd the num'rous Foe subdu'd, the Towns
E'er while oppress'd with grievous Servitude
And Gallick Bonds, feeling the sweet Return
Of grateful Liberty, with Joy proclaim
Their lawful Sov'raign, with unfeigned Prayers
They bless the Victor, who with open Arms
Receives them chearful, while his conqu'ring Sword
Forces the stubborn to be free; had thus
The *Punick* Chief with eager Steps pursu'd
His Victory, proud *Rome* would ne'er have sway'd,
With Domineering Rule the conquer'd World;
And *Capua* had not lost what *Canna* gain'd.

Gladly to thee at length my Muse repays
Her humble Tribute, CHURCHILL, far below
Thy matchless Merits; would my Fancy flow
Luxuriant to my Wish, my Genius rise
Lofty and equal to so great a Theme,
High as the *Mantuan* Swan I'd soar; my Lyre
Tuneful, like that of blind *Maenides*,
Majestick Bard, Thee *Auverquerque* should join
With MARLBORÔ, in my Song as in the Field

Alike

Alike victorious; and *Iberia's* great
 Deliverers, *Mordaunt* and *Galloway*,
 Should stand recorded Ages infinite
 In deathless Numbers, by the Track of Time
 Uninjur'd; in *Ausonian* Fields I'd sing
 Thee *Eugene*, oft triumphant, and thy Arms
 Which to the *Roman* Eagle have restor'd
 Its Pristine Terror, dreadfully it soars
 Aloft with *Julian* Glory, whilst thy Sword
 Grim Death and certain Victory attend.
 Nor small should be his Praise, egregious Prince;
 Who dares amidst his num'rous Enemies
 Unterrify'd, unshaken, still maintain
 The Cause of Justice, who with equal Mind
 Withstood the Tyrant's flatt'ring Promises
 Superior, and his utmost Threats contemn'd.
 But far beneath such tow'ring Arguments
 My humble Thoughts creep lowly, and resign
 The mighty Task to tuneful *Addison*,
 Whose strong harmonious Numbers sweetly flow;
 Rich in bright Images, and Thoughts sublime,
 That unconstrain'd from the Great Subject rise;
 Or *Prior's* artful Song, delicious Bard,
 Who in untrodden Paths the Voice of Fame
 Gains with Success, in whose Immortal Lines,
 With easie Majesty great *Nassau* reigns
 A' Godlike Prince; and *CHURCHILL's* glorious Arms
 At *Bleinheim* triumph still, and on *Ramillia's* Plains.

Thus thy indulgent Favours, *ANNA*, flow
 Unbounded, not to us confin'd, but like
 The Ocean's wide Expanse, far distant Shoars
 With large diffusive Goodness blest; thy Arms
 A sinking Empire once upheld, they now
 Shall fix an injur'd Monarch on his Throne
 Usurp'd; thus Conquest cannot but attend
 On Justice, farther Victories will crown
 Thy happy Reign, 'till *Lewis* quite despoil'd
 Of all his boasted Grandeur, and his Pow'r,
 Not his ambitious Will restrain'd, shall find
 Servility with Freedom to contend
 Unequal, and with deep Regret constrain'd
 Shall own (instructed by thy milder Rule)

'Tis better to be lov'd a gentle Prince,
 Than fear'd a Tyrant. Thus thy Foes subdu'd,
 Back thy renowned MARLBRO shall return
 Triumphant, and *Britannia's* happy Shoars
 With grateful Io's shall resound his Praise
 Immense; thy Favours only can repay
 Such Merit, *ANNA*, with its due Reward,
 To thy unerring Choice we *CHURCHILL* owe,
 To his victorious Arms the World's Repose.

FINIS